A SERIES

OF

POEMS,

By J. A. R.

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MONTREAL:

PRINTED BY JOHN WILSON, M'GILL STREET.

1857.

PS8435
I3554

71488

THE HIROCK HUNTER'S BRIDE;

OR,

INDIAN INCIDENTS.

THE weather was calm, and Peter Tony, an Indian of the Micmac tribe, who was always my attendant in the forest, thought that we could have no better time for the commencement of a calling expedition which I had long intended to make. September, he said, was the favorite month; and the day alluded to being the fifteenth only, with promise of a continuation of fine weather, there seemed indeed little room for apprehension. I gave my directions accordingly, that, early the next morning, every thing connected with my hunting tackle, including a fishing rod of five parts, should be placed in order on the hall table. As this intended excursion would, in all probability, be of a month's duration, my equipments for such digression from the irksome monotony of business were as light as the nature of the sport admitted of. My outside tackle was much the same as is usually worn, with the one exception, that it was all of superior English manufacture. As something extra however, I carried a revolver in my belt; and, in order to blaze an occasional tree which I might wish to remember, I suspended to the same article a small hatchet. The hunting bag which I wore at my left side contained the reel belonging to my fishing rod, a supply of wad, a few crusts of pem-

mican, necktie, brush and comb, and other small conveniences.

As the sun began to peep through the foliage of the surrounding forest, we stood upon an eminence, and I looked upon the receding view of our distant village, for we had left it just before daybreak, ere any of its inhabitants were astir, excepting one very parsimonious person who always made it a point to rise at two! As I gazed first on the village, from whose simple white-washed chimnies fantastic forms of smoke now began to wreath themselves to heaven; then athwart the bright expanse of water, dotted so, at intervals, with points and isles that it unostentatiously reminded one of the Lake of the Thousand; and then, peering through the dense wild woods which we were about to traverse, beheld a sheeny cataract bedecking the bending foliage with its spray,—I thought could ever poet have looked on a lovelier scenery than this? My friendly attendant being by no means illiterate, I was on the point of eliciting an opinion from him, when I observed that, if possible, he was already more entranced with it than I. But it required little physiognomical skill to determine by the fall of his countenance, what were the thoughts then struggling in the breast of this scion of the wilderness. I was anxious, for his own sake, to break the spell, and therefore urged on his attention that we had allotted to ourselves yet many miles ere we were to partake of refreshment.

'Ah!' drawing a long breath, he exclaimed, as we left the spot, 'white man looks upon nature to admire and enjoy it: but the Indian has nothing of it left but its memory, and reveres it as a most beautiful corpse."

When we had reached the waterfall, a considerable

precipice projected over our heads, and my ideas of sublimity most naturally began to subside into a computation of the energy I every moment expected to have to put into force. It seemed to me that the jutty was not climbable to a hunter with his encumbrances; but placing implicit reliance in my guide, I determined to follow him. His eagle eye, accustomed from infancy to find a path, when apparently there was none, through the intricacies of the forest, had discovered a cleft from the base to the summit, whose zigzag edges we easily ascended. Having gained the height, we were enabled to have a better view of Malaga lake on the westward; but glancing in the opposite direction, about three miles across the horrible barren which intervened, our attention was arrested by a stupendous mountain of rock. On enquiring of it, from my attendant, he said that, since his tribe had learned to converse in the English tongue, that huge projection had been designated by the simple appelation of High Rock. Now, feeling somewhat fatigued, I sat down amongst the branches of a windfall; then requesting Tony to take a seat near to me, I demanded the particulars of Bartlipp's story. My guide had so often referred to Bartlipp and his favorite Hunchietz, that I looked forward to the tale pending with no small degree of interest:

From Hirock's heights, th' unhallowed strain
  Of martial music ne'er did float
Athwart the Micmac's wild domain,
  Till, hush'd on earth, each maiden's note
  Swept through the spheres from angel throat;
Till some were dead, and some were gone
To yield the white man's lust a son,
  Whose bastard blood, perchance, should flow
  To work his grandsire ill—but no!

Too deeply with that blood infused
His mother's shame, her wrath abused,
The bivouac yell
Now rose and fell
From Hirock's heights, along the lake,
Whene'er the sleeping tribe should wake.

But what are these?—the meagre few
Who crave our pittance as they pass—
O chronicles of time! say true,
Are these a remnant of what was!
* * * * *
In the wild realms of fantasy,
Built on the ruins of some fond hope,
And, in imagination's eye,
Raised so with reality to cope;
For thus the mind, when often fed
On life's fair prospects that are fled,
Coils back into itself, each scene
Enhancing which might, should have been,
And adding those which in this life
Proved blissful; then, as with a knife,
Dissev'ring those which, mingled in,
Retain some tingent trace of sin;
Till thought hath pictured blissfulness,
And never learns to mourn it less;
In these wild realms, birds on the wing,
Soaring through a perpetual spring,
Blossoms that ne'er forsake the trees
Shadowing, as the moonlight lies,
With that long shade in transverse line
Amongst their leaves, witchcraft divine,
Dwelt youth in two bright faces, mild
As a summer's eve, and as wild
As its scenery; one, a boy,
On whose soft brow no trace but joy
Transcribed was visible,—his eye
Shining in mirthful briliancy

On her, the nymph of his heart's love,
From whom he had not learned to rove;
She by the waters, meek and pure
As the wave with heaved breast to her,
On which she gazed till it would break,
The spray-drop trickling on her neck,
Then, smiling, looked to him, her lover,
Who smiled, too, from a rock above her.

Such dreams might lure some tedious hours,
And light the heart when grief would lower,
And rapture make affliction's dower;
  But if the picture be not *dreamed*,
  Not all that fancy's mood hath schemed,
  Not all her silver threads, redeemed
From out the old grey web that hangs
  Adown the nicks of nothingness,
Could light of all *that* spirit's pangs
  One transient moment of distress.

* * * * *

Deep, shrill, the wild woods early waking,
The hunter's call their quiet breaking,
Strikes on the ear of moose as hope
Of passion's, pleasure's fullest scope;
And, shaking off his sluggish mood,
He stands and hearkens through the wood,
Till once again the same deep sound
Brings forth the echo's quick rebound,
And then he trembles to the thrill
Which breaks in deeper answer still;
That answer speaks the victim there,
And bids the hunter not despair.
The moose comes on, and as he springs
Each forest cavern loudly rings.
Sublime deception,—see, he breaks
Impeding stumps, and rounds the lakes,
And often moveth to that call,
Which guides him fondly to his fall.

The brided Huntcheitz looks away
Through darkling shades of waning day,
With eyes of love's beseeching prayer
Which asks her God her idol spare!
Yet bends the Great, Great Spirit down,
Nor meets her passion with a frown—
Far, on his chase, might Bartlipp stray,—
Could ought but death his steps delay?
Yet why should thus her spirit burn,
'Twas scarcely time for his return.
And now, athwart yon lucent lake,
Doth birch canoe, approaching, make
Expectancy, exulting, cloy
With inward rush of heartfelt joy.
How swiftly comes this light canoe,
As if 'twas Huncheitz' passion drew
The fragile birch-bark to the shore—
They've met—'tis love—what needs of more?
They wander'd oft, at even-fall,
Beneath the shade of Hirock's wall,
Whose superhuman, vast design,
Proclaimed its architect divine.
And in this fortress for the brave,
Were scattered window, niche and cave;
And in each cave a mystic stream,
From ev'ry wall was felt, not seen,
On all beside its radiance threw,
But dazzling, dared the naked view;
What life was theirs, those best might tell,
Whose lives are spent so lovely well;
Or those whose lives, thus sweetly blest,
Hath glided hence to heavenly rest;
Yet feel earth's latest pleasure glow,
With all the passion felt below.

The spring of life is ever sweet;
The summer feels not its decay,
While still the same loved faces greet

The pilgrim on his pleasant way ;
And shade on shade flits darkling by,
Unseen by vanity's weak eye,
Till age and wisdom point the way,
And prove to man that he is grey.
Thus blooms the rose a brighter hue,
And sips, more free, the matin dew,
As every fragrant leaf is riven,
And its last oders rise to heaven.

* * * * *

'Tis war—and Bartlipp must be gone,
And leave his Huncheitz all alone,
With earnest charge to keep that call
Which dares intrusion's advance well,
Why deem ye, high-born mortals, sage,
Who dote on Fiction's dazzling page,
That only 'neath the sculptured dome,
The wildest passions bud and bloom ?
See, Huncheitz' artless blush proclaims
With such her breast as truly flames ;
See there expectancy's wide scope,
The hectic hue of transient hope,
The pallid white of falt'ring fear,
And teeming fancy's fruitless tear,
Display how passion'd and how true,
The love the wild, wild woods-maid knew.

* * * * *

Ere Bobei had half traced o'er
The lake's dim margin, deep and wide,
The moose had swam from shore to shore,
Shaken his flanks on t'other side,
And now stood still as silent stone,
As petrified, perchance, by fear.
Till reached his ear some distant tone
Athwart the waters in his rear.
Once more he shook his dripping hair,
Then nerved his limbs the worst to bear,

And wildly dashing through the wood,
Balked his foes by many a rood.
Did Bobie cognizance take,
What proa darted o'er the lake?
Whose paddle those bright waters played?
The marv'lous progress Bartlipp made?
Or knew he who that form within?
Whose more than match was never seen
To glide across the waters blue,
In state of nude or birch canoe.

As yet the rivals urged apace,
Unknown each other's form or face;
But Bobie, through forest trees
Beheld, unvexed, the native ease
By which that birch canoe became
A surface flash, as 'twere of flame.
But, gazing on that naiad's prow,
A smile came o'er the old man's brow;
He wish'd his youthful rival blest,
Then sank upon the ground to rest;
Yet 'strange,' he said, 'if this might close
On yonder hunter's safe repose;
The white-man's line not distant far,
And these the times of bloody war.'
His grey locks, with the breezes borne,
Stream'd all dishevelled and unshorn;
With air benign, and features mild,
He viewed his scalping knife, and smiled,
Looked if his arrows filled their quiver,
And smiled again. If to deliver
His tribe from cursed oppression's sway,
Were needed heart as frank as day,
That heart was his, through cloud and calm,
Unchangably, the one, the same.

But Bartlipp neared the wooded shore:
The dense dark foliage it wore,

Threw forth its sombre shadow now,
And met the proa at her prow;
And Bartlipp felt the breeze of balm,
And still the proa swiftly swam
The wave-wet paddle gleaming still,
Sure guide at the canoeman's will.
A moment, and the beach was gained,
Where fresh the moose-track yet remained:
Lo! on the rocks were drops of blood,
And shoe-tracks told where murderers stood;
And strangely scattered here and there,
Were tufts of Indian maiden's hair;
And from a branch, suspended, hung,
A scalp—some whiteman's—and his tongue!
Such marks were there, nor did it seem
To Bartlipp as an idle dream—
He knew that, but three days before,
To son's and sire's bitter wail,
The whiteman's army had passed o'er
The mountain tract and lowland vale:
Haught sires wept in vacant hall
Such mansion's issue and its fall,
And sons, whose sires kind though poor,
Wept fondly at their cottage door.

The scalp suspended high in air,
The long black locks of maiden's hair,
The blood which oozed from brother man,—
That curse since brotherhood began,—
Too plainly told what ire had done,
Since yestermorning's radiant sun.
With such a guess would Bartlipp pass?
Nor judge from what remained what was;
Or could he, there and then, reveal
This deed they cared not to conceal?
His sickened soul grew sad and sore,
From gazing grimly on that gore,
Which in his mind an age of thought,

In such brief interim had wrought;
Of thought, not reason to revolve
The drift of desperate resolve,
For Bartlipp, from that transient view,
Revengeful inspiration drew.
His thoughts resumed their calmed strain,
Then thus he musingly began:
"No deed hath been enacted here
'Twixt armed men with bow or spear,
But maiden's blood profusely shed--
And yonder hangs the vanguard's head!
'Twas his to lead this valiant host
To Indian maiden's hiding place,
And, for such honor, hath but lost,
The scalp which crowned a coward's face.
How sternly bo d they truly were,
Lo? many a shoe-track's buried here,
But only one of foot unshod,
Whose grasping toe-nails print the sod!
Poor maid! where er her corse may lay,
It breasted well this bloody fray—
Though sod now press, or waters lave
That wasting mould, twas surely brave!
But he, this dastard crew who led,
Already hath the raven fed
Upon his scalp: h s comrades fled
At some slight noise and carried him,
Forgetting yonder token grim—
Which leaves them conquered by the dead,—
But where the maid! Great Spirit! she
A corpse of *their* captivity.

Thus Bartlipp mused, till swell'd again,
With vengeful wrath, each purple vein;
Three times he crossed himself and knelt,
Then swore the deeds his spirit felt,
To fall with foemen face to face,
Or extirpate the bearded race.

But ere his will in words broke forth,
Loud burst long vollies from the north,
From whiteman's thunder bolts of war,
Whose contents flies, unseen, so far.
The moose, back bounding through the wood,
Towards the spot where Bartlipp stood,
Came on, with that long timrous stride,
Which wakes the forest in its pride,
To echo far its fearful speed,
Midst crackling bush and bending reed.
But in his swift career he fell,
By Bartlipp's arrow struck so well
That only once he leapt in air—
His pondrous weight fell lifeless there.
A famous moose lay weltering now.
And o'er him bent a thoughtful brow,
For though, in sooth, a welcome prize,
And doated on by hunter's eyes,
The moose to Bartlipp were not gain,
That held *another's* arrow stain;
And here across the shoulder blade,
An arrow's erring course had laid;
And though 'twas Bartlipp's boasted skill.
To ne'er have fired but to kill,
Yet what, if worn in hot pursuit,
Or friend or foe *resigned* the brute.
Could art, or arrow's fatal chance,
A right on prior claim advance?

The moose lay bleeding on the strand,
'Neath Bartlipp's hesitating hand,
When, bursting forth in eager flight,
The few whom strife had spared that night.
Rush'd on the beach with rending yell.
Shrinking from where their wariors fell,
Nor would have staid their tale to tell,
Whose arm had borne that conflict well,
Or who had fallen, struck from far

By whiteman's thunder bolts of war,
But Bartlipp rose with manly nerve,
And dauntless brow that might not swerve,
And pointing to the scalp-hung tree,
He bade them feel their arms were free.
And then, with gesture fierce and wild,
He marked the footsteps of the child,
Where struggling, though for life 'twere vain,
She scalped the leader of their van!
Their clamourings ceased, and gath'ring round,
Each chief drew near the fatal ground;
And fathers, struggling hard with fear
And grief, beheld, they thought, such hair
As clustered round some fond one's brow.
Endeavouring to be proud e'en now,
Each visage grew distressed and wild—
Through tears their savage features smiled.
The rest stood all aloof, amazed,
And, bending slightly forward, gazed
With reverence, and each did fear,
Lest such had been the death of her
For whom his own blood had been spilt,
To save from death, or shame, or guilt,
As free as pelican her breast
Unlocks, to feed her desert nest
Of famish'd young.
But Luxi signed,
Of some dark thought he'd rid his mind.
Tartarean he as ever stood
And revel'd in a scene of blood,
Nor cared, so he might have his say,
Whose life or character might pay.
On Bartlipp hard he placed his eye,
As if he dared a false reply,
And thus spake he with low'ring brow:
"We find thee here—whence camest thou?
Thou stoodst as if thou wouldst divide
This carcass, in whose shoulder blade

An older wound is found, and I,
Who know how true thy eagle eye
Is, on this very spot will swear
Thy arrow ne'er struck partridge there.
I know thee ; all the chiefs admire
Thy language, bearing, strength and fire ;
But when with whitemen didst thou war ?
His thunder bolts more fatal are
Where thou art. Oh, thou wast not hid
And trembling whilst this dastard deed
Was here enacted. Now declare
Whither those men the corse did bear—
Was life extinct ? who lent the maid,
Or had she, then, no scalping blade ?
Where is she ? if thou didst not know,
Methinks thou wouldst be searching now."

" Aye, search !" a hundred voices spake ;
But Bartlipp moves not—doth he quake ?
His lips seem pallid and distressed,
They quiver—but 'tis wrath suppressed.
He turned away in utmost scorn,
And but replied, " tomorrow morn,
I answer thee." But this he said,
Then join'd the search which others led.
Now in the depth of corny reed,
Now in the dale where partridge feed,
Now in some moss-grown rock's dank cave,
They vainly sought the maiden's grave ;
In wave-wash'd trunk of hollow tree,
That breasted gales last century,
In every crevice, lair, or nook,
They cast an anxious ling'ring look.
Their task was vain, their labor lost,
And Death's domain and Lethe crossed,
Our floating clay, perchance, may glide
Smoothly adown the ocean tide ;
And none may tell what fate befell,

Or which of Death's sharp shafts was driven,
That cut the cord which held from heaven.

* * * * *

Slowly dispersing, sad and chilled,
With grief and terror darkling o'er
The mystery of *who* was killed,
With heartfelt woe each breast was fil'ed,
For her, unknown, who breathed no more,
And, 'mongst the rest, more grieved than they,
With better right to grieve, forwarned
Within his secret bosom s core,
Unhappy Bartlipp took his way,
And as he walked he sadly mourned.
He shouldered now his birch canoe,
A moment passed, 'twas in the lake;
And now, 'twas swiftly passing through
The waters wild, with windsome wake,
As if it joyed because its freight
Was Hirock's fav'rite's lordly mate.
But Bartlipp thought the billows grieved—
His breast and theirs in sorrow heaved;
And doubt was sorrow's worst decree.
He reached the shore and sullen sate
Within his birch, that drifted free;
For Hirock, lo! 'twas desolate.

* * * * *

"This morning, beautiful and gay,
I left her with the rise of day,
And bade her keep that inmost cell,
Which guards such lovely treasure well.
Why beats my faltering heart so quick?
She waits for me within that niche."
'Twas thus that Bartlipp's heart confided,
And thus its fiery fear derided.
He quickly touched the fair-fled shore,
From rock to rock he nimbly sprang;
Wild glared the aspect that he wore,
As if his ear with omen rang;

And soon the barren he'd pass'd o'er.
Within the cell he stood alone,
He called in vain, his bride was gone;
But thus to him her spirit spake,—
He saw it gleam across the lake:
"Why didst thou, Bartlipp, tarry late?
Thou mightst have known I could not wait
Thy company, too long denied
The fev'rish passion of thy bride.
I traced the margin deep and wide,
Of all this lake without a guide;
But first, thy scalping knife I placed
Within the belt about my waist.
Go, be thy future lifetime blest—
The deeds thou sawst have told the rest!"

No trace on land or secret flood,
Hath told this mournful story through;
None but those om'nous spots of blood
Which first broke forth on Bartlipp's view;
None but those long black locks of hair,
Which told the sex that struggled there;
None but that scalp suspended high,
To show *how* softest features die,
When love, hate, fear, their breasts impell
To die for those who fought too well;
None but the spirit o'er the lake,
None but the words that spirit spake,
When, fair as fancy's idle vision,
Half deep-felt woe and half derision,
She whisper'd to her lover's thrill,
"She felt his last embraces still!"

HUGO.

He rose, and never more was seen
To linger in the haunts of men:
But flying still, in sadden'd mood,
From deep too deeper solitude,
He left the ever-changing wind
Of friendship, in his flight, behind.
The wild forest beheld him come,
To make its boundless range his home;
And, if the spirits of the wood,
Were with our mortal voice endued,
They must have taunted him, who tried
To make the wilderness his bride,
And smiled, to think how little space
Would serve his final resting place.

An humble cottage, scarcely proof
Against the rain that beat its roof,
Received, in kindest rural way,
This restless habitant of clay.
He enter'd it, as evening drew
Around her cloak of sable hue,
And deem'd the balm of purer air
Might soothe the spirit of despair.
But, ah! 'tis vain to flee from woe,
To seek to hide the darken'd brow
From grief, which casts its shadow still,
And dimly bodes a coming ill.
Thus learned the hero of my song,
And felt each weighty hour long,
Which seem'd as only not to press
His soul from out its wretchedness.

There was a room in which he sat,
Alone and lonely; but this rude
Retirement from humming chat,
Had charms for him—'twas solitude.
The blighted heart, with many foes,
With *none* on whom it dare repose
One thought that swells the desert breast,
When friendly trust might lull to rest,
Still finds, inanimate or mute,
Some thing to love, a fav'rite brute.
A distant star, a lovely tree,
Or something seen to fancy's e'e,
A vague remembrance—and a date—
The heart is not *quite* desolate.
Old Hugo kept, for his caress,
A trusty dog—nor deem'd him less
Than dear to him—since *he* was true
Through sorrow, other *friends* withdrew.
His small resource of books, and writ
By men of fortune, fame, or wit,
Were often scatter'd here and there,
And shared the fate of his despair.
His gun was on the corner brace
Of this his gloomy hiding place,
Where every beam was full revealed,
And e'en the rafters were not ceiled.

The frowning hills that stood around,
Received the breeze, and made a sound,
Not much unlike the groaning sea,
When hovering Eternity
Sits brooding o'er his dark decrees,
And gives to souls their last release.

* * * * * *

'Twas past the hour when lovers move,
Softly to greet the forms they love,
When, transiently, the silv'ry moon
Is hid, to reappear too soon,

And show, beneath some elm's tree shade,
The lover and the passion'd maid,
When, in his vacant cottage room,
And wrapt in midnight's silent gloom,
Old Hugo, in his custom'd chair,
Sat dreaming of a sainted fair,
Whose heart, too easily deceived,
His soul, repentant, inly grieved.
Old Hugo ponder'd through the night
O'er transient scenes of past delight,
With nought to cheer his pensive state,
Save that the ashes in the grate,
Whose fire flam'd in ev'ry coal,
Portrayed strange pictures on the wall;
But once he held his vagrant breath,
As if a messenger of death
Had struck the struggling senses still,
And robb'd the soul without the will.
A form appeared upon the wall—
A woman's—proud and ghastly tall—
Clarissa's!—how she stood and spake
Unutterable words that quake
The dupe of fancy's soul—for he
Could read her features, and her eye
Which spake to him of former love—
He felt the hearing of reproof.
A gentle rap that reach'd his door,
Scarce changed the aspect that he wore,
Though much he marvel'd if it were,
Indeed, a human visiter.
That tapping comes again—oh heaven!
Clarissa!—Hugo's thoughts were driven,
Less palpably than when, of yore,
To laughing dames he oped the door,
And seated them by his own side,
And dreamed the loveliest his bride,
And to divert too happy time,
Told olden legends couch'd in rhyme;

But tott'ring here, a portal dim
Was oped less zealously by him.
A haggard face, but manly form,
Protruded through the raging storm;
And, with scarce audible request,
That night would be old Hugo's guest.
For, with a groan, the stranger said,
And forward thrust his snow-wreath'd head;
His limbs, benumbed, might scarcely bear
His weary weight to yonder chair.

Beside the fire sat the youth,
The flame revealed his features truth,
On which old Hugo fitful gazed,
Stirring the embers till they blazed,—
Those lineaments had some expression,
Which sunk into his soul s depression,—
Clarissa and the boy were wove
In one entanglement of love.

Hugo addressed with word and smile
His stranger guest, and found the while
A plenteous board of frugal fare,
Which he did kindly minister,
And smiled, to see the grateful boy
Partake with appetite and joy.
Heaven is rife with infancy,
And childhood charmeth ev'ry eye;
But not alike is even youth
In beauty's dower, soul or truth:
Few, perhaps, hath thrifty nature blest,
But such an one was Hugo's guest
Nor slow to mark his lovely face,
And parts adorned with every grace,
Was Hugo: brow and archest chin,
As godlike beauty triumphs in,
And hand—a beggar's?—more the vein
Of childhood nursed on haught domain—

All these the pensive boy possest,
And all told deep in Hugo's breast.

" What may your name be? come boy, tell
Me all your grief; for it is well,
At times, to lighten the heart's load:
Less dreary seems life's hapless road,
When travel'd thus by two." The boy
Replied—" Of truth, kind sir, I know
Not, neighbors call'd me what they pleased,
And seldom kindly—I'm released,
At last, from them, I hope forever;
For oh! it acted like a fever
In my veins, thus to be a mark
For them to taunt with phases dark
In my birth's history, and say
That I was so much less than they.
But pardon me, you ask'd my name
Only, and I am much to blame,
If I have trespassed." " No, I love
To hear you," Hugo said, " reprove
Not yourself, you may yet extend
The same indulgence to your friend.

" I am not old as I may seem,
My youth, in years, you would not dream
Of, looking on a head so grey,
On which distress hath held dire sway
For twenty years, and twenty more
Is all I have; yet I am sore
With age,—my body tends to earth,—
My soul is diff'rent—its birth,
And growth, has been too much for clay,
Which drips like wax, and melts away
When hearts of fire glow within.
I think, with passion and its sin,
Drivel'd with longing, worn with bliss,
That I could waste, of such as this,

A number, and be still the same
To cherish or support a flame.

" When I was fresh from mine own clime,
When first from chapel roof, the chime
Of northern bells address'd mine ear,
In Christian lands, and modern seer
Rose through the lamp-light shades of even,
Preferring orisons to heaven,
My lot was cast—it boots not how—
With one of soft and radiant brow,
Whose very utterance was mine,
Whose lips I almost deem'd divine.
I look through twenty years, and can
Each pliant grace and feature scan,
Which shines on me through all those years,
Yet peopleth not this vale of tears,
But call'd by the departed good,
Admiring angels, and her God,
Clarissa! How she looks on me
With her most soft angelic eye!
My lad, you see her not, she stands
Before me even to her hands,
Her eye as dark as is this night,
All languor now, and now as bright
As the gazell's, yet could but see
Its every motion thrill o'er me—
Her cheek's sweet tinge—her marble brow—
Which never darken'd until now!

" I said my lot was cast with her,
'Twas thus, a tribe of Indians were,
About that time amongst us, seeking
A maid whom they had lost, and wreaking
On all that happen'd in their path,
A deadly vengeance; it was death
To meet them, children held their breath

In terror, even to descry
Afar their lurking, evil eye,
And men, whose hairs were grey with years,
Dare scarcely check their children's fears.
But knew some evil had been done.
The red man raved from sun to sun;
And dwellings, crackling through the night,
Were look'd not on with morning light,
Save by some white man, hid to die
In rocky cave or hollow tree,
From whence he ventured not, but wasted
Away, and mourned he had out-lasted
The blight of all he held most dear,
And cursed his early fate and fear.
Unlooked upon: the Indian gazed
Not on destruction, when it blazed,
He ran, leaving his deeds behind,
Though sweet to him the hot-breathed wind.

"The land was almost desolate,
And still the Indian's dark, deep hate
Left traces, wheresoe'er you turn'd,
You view'd the burning and the burned.
I marvel not: had I been one
Of those to whom such wrong was done,
Their goodly hunting grounds despoiled,
Felled by the stranger, barter'd, sold,
As though the world were white man's own,
I would, I know not what, have done,
And yet, methinks, on only men
I would have visited my spleen,
And not have bathed my hand in blood
Of gentle babes and womanhood:
Ah! who can tell the *depth* of grief,
Which sought in blood such dark relief?

"But I was on the other side,
There was a maiden—not a bride.

But soon to be so—whom a tribe
Of Indians captured, and each bribe
Refused with more true haught disdain
Than e'en most pious Christians can.
We chose a band of such as were
Most willing for the fray—to dare,
And die, if need be,—but to earn
The captive, or to ne'er return.
And on we pressed, and at our head,
The destined bridegroom swiftly led.
We bade him, sake of her he loved,
To go not with us; he reproved
Us, saying he had better die
Than meet not first her lovely eye;
And on he led, nor knew a tomb—
And not a bride should be his doom.

He led—'twas to his dark symar,
For Azrael's arrow was not far;
Though mortal drew the fatal bow,
'Twas Death who bade the shaft to go!
He stood upon a jutting rock,
That might have stood an earthquake's shock.
And at whose base, the rudest storm
Might waste its force and ne'er deform;
And stern as this unyielding rock,
Which seem'd e'en Heaven's will to mock,
Our leader's eye discerned below,
The must'ring tribe, our deadly foe.
A moment paused, as if to view
Clarissa's form, then down he flew,
Impell'd by his impetuous will,
Along the steep descending hill,
And, fighting madly, fought too well,
For he amongst his victims fell.

"The Red Men fought, and thinned us much,
But our mad rage, uncurb'd, was such,

We scarcely marked who stood or fell;
'Twas such as only blood might quell,
And that was shed, and freely spilt,
By many a sword until the hilt
Began to stick with clotted gore,
While fresher tides went reeking o'er
The blade, and to the ground descended,
Mingling with dusts which they there blended;
Nor did the scalping-knife forego
The horrors of its barb'rous blow.
'Twas better to be killed than ta'en
By savage men who priced not pain.

"But she for whom we fought this wild
Adventurous fight—was she defiled
With chains? or had the chieftains hid
Her in a cave, beneath a lid
Of rock, or in a birch canoe,
Across the lake of lucent blue?
Or had they, spite her tender age,
Made her the victim of their rage;
We knew not yet. At first, the query
Was merely whisper'd to and near me;
From mouth to mouth it louder grew,
Then like the battle war-cry flew,
In anxious accents, all along,
The gath'ring remnant of our throng,
And something must be done, or she
May be a captive still, and we
This verdant sod might deeply stain
With blood spilt idly and in vain.

'The sun was setting on the lakes,
Yet shining brightly through some flakes
Of falling snow; a rocky ledge,
Encompass'd by a growing hedge
Of older bushes, then might seem
The bound'ry of his parting beam,

Which shone upon—mine eyes deceive—
Ah no! Clarissa yet must live!
I felt this thought, and something more,
Glad and exultingly, steal o'er
My mind—for on that rocky ledge,
And through that half-concealing hedge,
Mine eye discover'd—and mine only—
Across a dreary waste and lonely,
The object of our mission, led
By one of those whose skins are red,
Whate'er their hearts be.
"'Twas no time
For thoughts, or plans, or words sublime,
But nerve and action, and the skill
To find my passage through a hill
Whose foliage was thick and tall,
And gain, e'er dark, the rocky wall,
Whose starlight was Clarissa's form,
Shining, unheeded, through the storm
Of battle; now, like northern star,
Which guides the dubious mariner,
She guided me, while through the trees,
Her scarf was trembling with the breeze.

"'Twould sound like boast in me to tell
How fast I thread those woods—how well
I planted ev'ry step—how firm,
And yet as noiseless as the worm—
My course was silent, and 'twas good
It should be, otherwise I would
Not here be telling you a tale,
Having cross'd death's shadowy vale.
I reach'd the spot—Clarissa stood
Before me without further blood;
But, at this last, I was not glad,
Because some troublous fears I had
That this escape at last might prove
No good to her whom I did love;

That perhaps this Indian might come back
With bloody numbers in his track,
My blood I knew they'd purchase dear,
'Twas for Clarissa I could fear.

"Howe'er, the Fates decreed that she
Should live, be rescued, loved by me.
But ah! I loved not then as now,
Perchance I might, with wrinkled brow;
Old dotards deem'd my love impure,
Because 'twas passion's essence; sure
Am I, what all the world approve
Is passion's absence,—lack of love;
But then, in all things there's extreme,
And as for my love, I do deem
It dang'rous; this Clarissa proved,
I saved her once, and then I *loved*."

He paused, and o'er his features stole
The inmost workings of his soul,
With changeful hues, and then serene--
Serenity of woe—more keen
Than passions, in their wildest flow,
Inflict on mortals here below.
This quickly past, and left no trace
Of those strange workings on his face,
His lineaments were fair to view,
And now assumed their wonted hue.
The work of but one moment this,
Memory is swift in hearts like his,
Calls up long annals of the past,
And joys or saddens with a blast.

Clarissa's image, at his side,
And like her speaking, thus replied:
"Sir, if my mind may serve me well,
The same I've heard my mother tell.
And how your comrades fought and fell

But one (it must be you) who took
Her safely to a neighbouring brook,
And made her wade it lengthwise, so
That those who follow'd might not know
What way to find you; they would cross
The river, then be quite at loss,
Not finding marks the other side,
And think you'd plung'd beneath the tide."

"Your mother? mother!" asked and said
Old Hugo, and his trembling lid
Began to gather tears, surprise
And joy commingling in his eyes.
There was a rapture in that hour,
Beyond imagination's highest power,
When two souls met, so purely one,
For Hugo's stranger was his son;
And in that image still was seen,
How deep Clarissa's love had been,
Too deep to guard her passioned breast,
Too deep to be but partly blest,
It still, in that fair face, outlasted
The vagrant life which it had blasted.
The tale is told, for none can pen
As't should be told, what followed then,
Except that all was love and joy,
When Hugo clasped his noble boy.
And Hugo thought Clarissa smiled
Upon such fondness for her child,
And his—the child of mutual love;
Yet who could coldly *then* reprove
His kindness? Ah! who did not now
Remark the demon on his brow,
Who thus could take an outcast in,
And fondly love the child of sin?
His name was ruin'd—dead was she
Whom he had loved too well; and he
Would share the doom who shared the bliss,
Nor deem'd her love repaid by this.

TO MISS E. F. M.

On her being deprived of her Hearing.

The crowd is silent, mutt'ring lips ne'er speak,
And smiles are meaningless, the blushing cheek
Hath nothing heard to heighten thus its glow,
And stillness, perfect stillness, reigns below.

Beside thee we are speaking, and thy name
Is not unmention'd, with thy gentle claim
To all that tenderness may well impart,
To soothe thy painful weariness of heart.

Thou hearest not, although our words are plain,
And spoken somewhat loudly, but in vain,
For thou art *deaf awhile*, and hast not heard,
Through all this pleasant spring, one chirping bird.

But sorrow not; nor now too deeply yearn
For joys a time witheld—which will return—
Return—familiar voices, and the notes
Thou lovest best from nature's myriad throats.

And thou shalt walk beneath the foliaged trees,
That thou were wont to visit; and the breeze
Shall sweep the selfsame murm'ring harp on high,
And all unite to glad thine ear and eye.

And these, for their long absence, shall but make
A softer music, memory shall take
Within her spirit with a fresh delight,
And day shall dawn, dispelling thy sad night.

THE HUNTER.

Away with Fame's uncertain tale,
And all its dangers to encounter,
I'll hie me to the woodland vale,
To live and die a careless hunter:
I ask not stores of fancied wealth,
(To lucre-lust I'm yet a stranger,)
For nought shall compensate for health,
The free, uncumber'd mountain ranger.

I'll start the wild, reclining deer
From where her low and leafy couch is,
And homeward then the captive bear,
Through growing grass and waving bushes—
What food than venison more sweet,
Which Nature's self so kindly blesses,
To him whose firm, unwearied feet
Doth seek her vast, untold recesses.

A soothing balm the country air,
To ease a languid soul, possesses,
And ev'ry fragrant blossom there
Its own peculiar sign expresses;
But give to me the densest wood,
Where fearful man afraid to tread is;
In ages past, where Indians stood
Beside their dark and winning ladies.

'Tis true no woman's smile is there
Shed o'er your lonely path of glory,
Nor yet doth honor deign to share
With such the page of future story;
But these are false, and not so pure
Is sullen, vain ambition's madness,
Its paltry hope, or transient lure,
As the free-hearted hunter's gladness!

The hunter's steps are far and near,
  On lands which none but he inherits,
Through goodly groves or caverns drear,
  Where'er is worship'd the 'Great Spirit.'
For Him the Indian worships still,
  Unbending from his father's notion,
Who felt that spirit's *impulse thrill*,
  And rightly deem'd that thrill devotion.

TACK SHIP.

Nay, frown not; although I left thee,
  And clasp'd thy rival to my breast,
I felt that moment's deed bereft me
  Of heaven here and earthly rest.
But when we sailed with adverse wind,
  And almost touch'd a beauteous shore,
(I grieved to leave that spot behind,)
  Tack ship! we heard the helmsman roar.

Oh! lady, such a land of flowers
  Has seldom met thy lovely gaze,
Where friendship might have spent her hours,
  And love his endless flight of days.
But then they said 'twas false as fair—
  Enchanted ground, that lovely shore;
And whilst my eyes were rivet there,
  Tack ship! I heard the helmsman roar.

Nay, frown not; although I left thee,
  And clasp'd thy rival to my breast,
I felt that moment's deed bereft me
  Of heaven here and earthly rest.
But when I sailed with adverse wind,
  And almost loved a false, fair shore,
(I griev. d to leave thee thus behind)
  Tack ship! I heard the helmsman roar

BACHANALIAN.

Heigh-ho, in this vacant cottage,
Never sought since sought in vain;
Better fitted for man's dotage
Than for youth's untramell'd reign;
Sounds of most unearthly cadence,
From some demon's clarionet,
Wondrous things, beyond all credence,
Such as man saw never yet,
Unlike mortals,
Through the portals,
Pass and repass night and day;
Sometimes creeping
On my sleeping
In this drear and dread array:
Spirits are they earthward driven,
Spirits still from hell or heaven.

What a life for son of Adam!
Ghosts, or grog, or gauntlet thrown;
No sweet miss nor pensive madam,
None to call my dearest own—
Save what memory retaineth,
(Whim-wham of the whig-wham race)
When the night-dream slowly waneth,
Bearing forth the loveliest face
E'er the blessing
Of caressing,
From extended arms forbade.
Always chiding,
Non-abiding
Child of air! sweet aerial maid!
Tell me once, and tell me plainly,
Whither seek thee and not vainly.

But yon horror-haunted visage,
And his grinning, ghastly train—
Bring ye, say, an evil message,
Done from deathly dark domain?
But I bid ye hence,—d'ye hear me?
Seek ye then those shades below:
I dread ye, and I cannot bear ye,
By the powers that rule and know,
Leave, oh leave me!
Ye can grieve me
But to death, whither I haste.
Not dissembling,
But with trembling,
I do wish that mission past!
Since my spirit may not strengthen,
Ling'ring life 'twere vain to lengthen!

Grimly there the ghost stands grinning,
Still approaching, but not here;
And her eye's dread glare is spinning
Forth, for yonder leaden bier,
Life's slow yielding thread—Lachesis!
Spare me not, O Atripos!
How the fragile thing decreases!
Even now 'twere little loss—
Is this dreaming,
Fancy's scheming,
Hours of dread and childish fear?
'Tis too lasting,
Life is wasting,
Death! thy messenger is here.
Aye, 'tis he, I knew it, demons—
Call not this *delirium tremens!*

THE INDIAN'S LOT.

She sat in her gloom on the ground of the camp
And the Red Men stood stilly and sorrowing near ;
For Death was abroad in the atmosphere damp,
And soon was to strike on the loveliest there !

She had lingered through many a year of decline,
Had fallen from ecstacy's thrill to her last ;
But her eye-beams shone forth as they use not to shine
E'er her hope of the world with its shadows was past.

Her eyes, they were restless—her cheeks, they were flush'd,
But it may have been death, as he curb'd in each vein,
Who stole o'er her face, in each lineament blush'd,
To think of how soft were the features he'd stain.

As I gazed on the dying who should soon be dead,
While the soul still quicken'd the skeleton o'er,
I thought of her tribe and its chieftain who bled
For the land where hunter is welcome no more.

Then I thought what an emblem was her's of the doom
Which hastens the child of the wood to decay,
While its slowness but darkens the shade of its gloom
As it bites at the heart till the tree dies away.

The Indian's sin was less dark than the fate
Which leaves him no motive of goodness to man ;
His soul was o'ertortured to rancour and hate—
That hate should *one smile* be expected to fan !

He once was the truest as wildest of all
The nations whose chieftains were ardent in war—
The stranger misled, though his people should fall,
Found a home with the wight whom his freedom made sore.

But lo! ere the spring from her bosom appears
The earliest brided magnolia in bloom,
'Go, go,' said the chief, 'for thy family grieves
The twig which my weakness hath snatch'd from the tomb.'

Those traits have departed, and left scarce a trace
Of the nature that once was the Indian's own;
Or they hover, like life e'er yon dying one's face,
Divested of all save the anguish alone.

With the nature God gave them man trifles, supreme
In the power which conquest and rapine hath given,
But *in mercy* forgets not that cardinal scheme
Of redemption *which points them from earth unto heaven!*

There, there, let them turn from the sorrows of earth,
Forgetful of all that hath harm'd them below.
Reply not, crush'd Indian—thy soul is more worth
Than this poor paltry pittance thou payest in woe.

On the face of the dying—the dead!—an unrest,
As of something that troubled the spirit within,
Bespeaks not the hopes which her lips have express'd,
But a secret of woe and a dread as of sin.

Not enough for a heart e'en as simple as hers,
To be pointed by one in the way she should tread.
Societies, churches, and each one avers
That *his* is the Holy, the Catholic creed!

TO MY MOTHER.

To her whom more than all I owe
Of life, its joy and am'rous flow,
These notes with grateful strength arise.
Oh! may she not the filial pledge despise.

And thou than heaven's hosts more dread!
Who view'st the son, and doom'st him dead.
Who turns from virtue's paths astray,
Assist, exalt the tenor of my lay.

But how shall I, redeem'd from earth,
To form one link of mortal birth,
Ascend the high inspired thought,
By virtue's sway, not feeble childhood, wrought.

Yet have I marked some tree-born brood.
Released unfeather'd solitude,
As first they clove their narrow way,
To warble forth or chirp the timid lay.

And, pleased to mark their upward flight.
Which soar'd not now a tow'ring height,
The parent deem'd her offspring good,
Nor scorn'd their grateful chirp, though rude.

But I, desponding, still must own,
That only downward I have flown,
Have left the bright, empyrean day,
To sink in restless feebleness away;

Have slept in sin's delusive arms,
And own'd the snare's bewitching charms,
Yet only slept—perchance the hour
Is on the wing that snaps the demon's power

Oh! deem me not a foe to truth,
Tho' stain'd with all the faults of youth;
What mortal wight can backward flee,
Or shun, for love, a fixed reality.

Unguided still, he onward sails,
And wends which way the wind prevails;
Life's current ill he dares not stem,
Tho' brightly shines the proffered diadem.

STANZAS.

If thou wouldst know
How deep my woe,
If thou canst sympathize,
I'll ope my soul
And tell thee all
Which draws these fervent sighs;
'Tis not ambition's
Sad transition
To lowly loss from gain;
Yet what I've lost
I prize'd the most;
'Tis this, I've loved in vain!

Why dost thou smile?
Wouldst thou beguile
Of love that could not cloy?
Vain fool! depart;
But may thy heart
Be still the home of joy;
And may thy pleasure
Know no measure,
In all its gladsome reign!
But e'en in sleep,
My dreams must weep
Because I've loved in vain!

Yet, could I rest
On that loved breast
Which erst was not unkind,
Some bliss might be
In store for me
Which sorrow would not blind ;
Ah ! truant hope
In Fancy's scope,
A hope almost insane,
Since oft reproved,
I still have loved.
And only loved in vain !

Now ev'ry token
Hath been broken
And each remembrancer ;
Like brittle glass
Each prospect was
Before the change of her,
Who though she changed,
Is not estranged ;
But, still without a stain
To blemish her
Sweet character,
She bids me love in vain ?

With ardent love
I madly strove,
And deem'd it must give way,
Till, torn apart
My anxious heart
Increas'd Love's cruel sway ;
And then I felt,
As by a belt,
Encompass'd in Love's chain ;
And in that ring
I could but sing,
Alas ! I've loved in vain !

Detach'd by chance,
A lonely branch
Of godlike passion, mine,
In human clay
Must melt away,
As if 'twere not divine,
And onward sweep,
So darkly deep
In visionary pain
That, short of Hell,
No grief can tell
How much I've loved in vain.

If *we* may guess
At such distress
Who never felt the flame,
Or are not left,
As yet, bereft
Of friendship's hallow'd name,
What grief is his
Who reads in this
His thoughts that thus complain,
Who, oft reproved,
Hath truly loved,
And only loved in vain!

VIRTUE NE'ER WAS LOST.

Ah! say not virtue e'er was lost
By man's or woman's fond deceit,
Nor deem that it may melt, like frost
Beneath the sun's meridian heat.

The *wanton's* lips will first reprove
The flame she means but to increase,
For tamper'd with awhile, your love
Is truly, doubly sure to please.

The *prude regrets* her neighbor's fall,
Forbids the handsome sinner rest,
And why? because she could not crawl
Alone through life, unloved, unblest.

'Tis thus that Beauty's fatal charm
The lovely wanton oft betrays,
While Nature's hated prude, nor warm,
Nor loved, receives mistaken praise.

But virtue—beautiful is chaste,
Or if—not deck'd by Nature's hand,
Too kind another's fame to blast,
Forgives the soft, yet shuns the bland.

Then say not virtue e'er was lost,
By man's or woman's fond deceit,
Nor deem that *it* may melt, like frost
Beneath the sun's meridian heat.

THE SACRIFICE.

Oh! might I offer on the shrine,
My soul so long hath deem'd divine
Quick to ignite, love's gentle glow
Should kindle on a breast like snow,—
And little Cupid's smart device
Would make my heart the sacrifice.

The fair to whom I spake was shy,
But, quite indignant, made reply,
"Ah, thus my fate forever ran,
"Your dupe, oh fickle, wav'ring man!
"Your heart?—had you ne'er won my fall,
'Twould be no *sacrifice* at all!"

THE SHADE OF GRIEF.

The shade of grief, o'er beauty flung,
With chasten'd warmth's sweet mellow dye,
'Tis like the nestling due among—
Ah no—a tear in virtue's eye.

The dew may shine mid spangled grass—
The torrent yield its beauteous spray—
From light to shade the meteor pass—
Reflected cloud on streamlet play.

Sweet Emma! these but faintly speak
Of what thy sparkling eyes display—
Can those be tears upon thy cheek,
Which seem to drop and gath'ring stay!

We're told, in heaven nought can weep;
When late I saw those drops appear,
And thy long lashes mildly steep,
I wish'd, such wishes should I keep,
Each smile might dazzle with a tear!

A SUN-SET THOUGHT.

See, yonder sets the radiant sun,
But with a feeble, glitt'ring light,—
Gentle decline,—his race is run
To us, yet beams beyond our sight.

'Tis thus the sinking soul of earth,
Whose dreary flight appears so dim,
Doth glide through death to peaceful birth,
Our last sad rite its parting hymn.

'Tis distance lends that mystic gloom;
Approach, and find all fears are past,
Yon sprite counts moments to his tomb,
And owns the sweetest were his last!

SOUL VERSUS HEART.

Written to a beautiful Woman who admonished the writer that he had a "Soul to Save."

Enchanting woman! yes, I have,
And feel a soul within;
But know not what it would not brave,
Wert *thou* a heaven *to win*.

But if, from out this reckless mass,
Some portion thou wouldst save,
I have a *heart* which *always was*
Thy most obedient slave.

If *it* be worth one thought of thine,
With pleasure, madam, take it:
Yet stay, I ask, since it *was mine*,
Do any thing but *break it!*

MY PIPE.

Let physicians pretend to discard thee, my pipe!
Let them say that thy heart is the den of a thief;
Of themselves, at the most, thou art merely a type—
For we give thee a *puff* and thou showest relief.

They may speak of narcotics with seeming alarm;
Let them bring of their patients the best of their cures;
Nay, be silent physicians,—I mean him no harm,—
Is he *strong*, like my pipe then, the more he endures?

Ye will have it, that dullness and apathy dwell
With my pipe! in its service that freedom expires!
But a *breath of oppression, and its bosom will swell*,
And e'en Grattan had burn'd had he glow'd with its fires.

SONNET.

O love, whose earnest origin is still
  Some metamorphose, spell-bound, of the mind,
  Imagination—heighten'd, reason blind
Beneath a wayward glance of passion's will;
Thou laughest ere that wishing throb grows still,
  Believing that thou hast the hope of kind
  Reception, and of joys that thou shalt find:
  These hopes mount up a pace, and make a bill
Against the time in prospect. Let it pass—
  The days of longing, hopes unanswer'd fly;
  And then thou weepest for the dream that was,
But—seeing clearly—death—thy death is nigh,
  Thou didst exist: a fancy wrought on glass
  Or mind can never *live, laugh, weep and die.*

TO E——

Sure thy face is strangely pallid,
  Languors in thine eyelids leer,
Oh! be re-instated, rallied,
  Bride intended—of the bier!
Love, methinks, should love too truly
    Such as thee,
Thus to rive that rose, so newly
Budding, blooming beauteously.

But that urchin mopeth madly
  Over faces bright and fair,
Ruthless rummager! he sadly
  Broods sorrow there;
Until the heavy heart grows cheerless,
    And the cheek pale,
And she who once was fair and fearless,
Begins to droop, yet dreads death's vale.

INDIAN DIRGE.

O'er rocky shelf, through sylvan shade
The streamlet holds its crystal way,
And, bending fondly, bushes steep
Their lengthen'd locks therein ; and glad,
The skipping zephyr joins the play,
Or urges onward to the deep.

Adown this wood of foliaged pine,
Our sires traced a course more fee,—
As swift as sweeping winds are wild,
Except their prey, no bound'ry line,
They scoured plain and mountain high,
When freedom smiled on freedom's child.

Their children nought pervades but gloom !
Unroll, O Earth, the lapse of years,
And let the past be past away !
With watchful eye towards yonder tomb,
See ye how cultivation sneers ?
Our sires blood enrich'd that clay !

Above us, death's tyrannic hand
Has long been wav'ring, full in view,
To strike us whence we deem'd our own,
For we are exiled in the land,
And e'en our still remaining few
Must soon be dwindled into none !

TO A SNOW-FLAKE.

Chainless spirit of ether space!
  Thou'rt like the restless soul of man,
Which ne'er may find abiding place,
  Or would not, will not, if it can.

Thou art the offspring of the sea,
  But early left thy mother's breast,
A time through earth and sky to flee,
  And then return to her to rest.

While life is blithe, alert and spry,
  Thus man, in solitude to mourn,
Oft leaves the fond maternal eye,
  But doth, at times, for love return.

But then you'r more like *women* too,
  Your melting now—and that is twice
I've seen you change, 'tis nothing new,
  Like *melted maids*—you'll soon be *ice*.

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